

Insatiable

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16729746) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16729746>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Transformers - All Media Types , The Transformers (IDW Generation One)
Relationship:	Megatron/Optimus Prime
Character:	Megatron , Optimus Prime
Additional Tags:	Sticky Sexual Interfacing , Oral Sex , Bondage , BDSM , Bottom Megatron , Dom Megatron , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Canon? What Canon? , Optimus "Horndog" Prime , Megatron Does Not Have Time For This , Optimus Prime Has Needs
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-24 Words: 4438

Insatiable

by [perictione \(leclairage\)](#)

Summary

Megatron looked Optimus up and down, considering. “It sounds like you’d *enjoy* that too much. Instead, I’m going to tie you to the berth and *use* you, just as I see fit, and only *when* I see fit.”

Optimus’s vocalizer glitched, and he produced several blips of static before finally getting out, “Please. Please... do that.”

Notes

Adi said we needed more content of horny, desperate OP, and I am here to deliver. Hope you like it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Earlier, Outside Megatron’s Office

“This is the end, Prime!” came the distinctive, gravelly bellow from inside Megatron’s office. Bumblebee stopped with his hand reaching for the door controls. Starscream and Soundwave, both coming up behind Bumblebee in that unnecessarily intimidating way Decepticons had, stopped as

well.

Bumblebee was a bit early for the meeting, but Optimus had said *he* was going to go ahead twenty minutes ago, so Bee had thought it'd be okay. He didn't like the idea of leaving the Prime alone in the middle of a bunch of Decepticons, even just for a little while. And, even with the, uh, arrangement they had going on.

Evidently, the rest of Decepticon command also enjoyed being early. Bumblebee tried to bring himself to nod courteously at them. Starscream sneered back.

"No!" Came another shout, audible through the door. "Enough! I won't stand for this treatment! Prime, you have manipulated me for the last time!" There was an indecipherable response in what sounded like the Prime's voice.

Just as Starscream was turning to Soundwave and gloating, "Ha! I told you our ridiculous Leader would come to his senses—" and as Bumblebee was dragging a hand down his face, groaning, "I knew peace was too good to be true—", another clearly enunciated yell came through the shut office door.

"No! We've already interfaced twice today! I have work to do!"

Soundwave blurted out a burst of static. All three of the mechs out in the hall looked at each other wide-opticked—or wide-visored—and then looked quickly away, at the ceiling or at the floor.

Bumblebee knew that they all ought to leave, but he felt frozen in place. And he couldn't let two Decepticons listen in on this conversation alone, right?

Optimus's deep, rumbling response came through next in recognizable words.

"Megatron, we don't have that much—"

Bumblebee didn't think he'd ever heard Optimus Prime sound petulant before. But that rasping shout was back again.

"Enough with your seductions! Optimus, I can't overload twice every morning, three times every night, and however many times you decide you want it during the day as well. It's unsustainable! We both have responsibilities—"

There was a strange sort of broken keening sound in the hallway, and Bumblebee slowly realized it was coming from his own vocalizer. He struggled to cut it off.

Then, horribly, Megatron said, "Optimus, I'm still sore!"

The rumbling but indecipherable sound of Optimus's response came through.

And then, more softly, more horribly, Megatron replied, "When you put it like that..."

There was half a minute of frankly terrifying silence where Bumblebee continued to avoid eye contact with Starscream and Soundwave, totally unsure of what to do next. Were they still going to have the meeting?

At last, much more quietly, Megatron's rasp came through again in bits and pieces, "...take your point... mmm, yes, like that... the meeting is... well, in that case..."

Then there was a deep rumble that might have been Optimus's laughter.

Starscream finally gave up and stalked away, strutting murderously down the hall and muttering something about ‘this farce’ and ‘quitting’ and ‘Primus take me now.’

Several clangs and an angry cry of “Do you have to mess up my desk, Prime? Since when has the wall not been good enough—” followed Starscream down the hall.

Bumblebee and Soundwave looked at each other, then quietly made their escape as well.

Later, in Megatron’s Quarters

Optimus was admiring the red plating of Megatron’s waist. He’d learned how delightful it was to hold Megatron there. Like the divots there had been made for him to wrap his hands around. Optimus enjoyed the texture, and getting to feel the flex and shuddering of Megatron’s abdominal cables directly, instead of just watching. Holding onto Megatron by the waist gave him wonderful leverage, but not as much as leverage as holding onto his hips.

When he could easily get a solid grip with both hands and just pull, that always earned him the most delicious noises.

Megatron was standing in front of the desk in his quarters, finishing up some work.

Optimus knew that Megatron had been getting... tired out by their activities, and Optimus had been trying to resist. But resisting Megatron had never been his strong suit. That afternoon, on Megatron’s desk, the taste of him had been so sweet...

Optimus had never had a partner so well able to match him, to challenge him—in all ways, not just in interfacing.

Optimus didn’t think he would ever get enough.

Megatron had said that he wasn’t going to let Optimus ‘lead him into debauchery’ tonight, but he hadn’t kicked Optimus out of his habsuite yet, which seemed like a good sign.

Optimus had settled on the edge of the large berth, having taken out a datapad of his own to go over some reports. Or, to attempt to go over some reports. Mostly he had been sneaking looks at Megatron. The strong planes of his armor, the broad expanse of strong shoulders, the aft Optimus had gotten personally acquainted with quite recently...

His lover huffed out a vent, and for a moment Optimus wondered if he’d somehow noticed the attention, but then Megatron was moving. He set his datapad down on the desk and bent forward, leaning on it, tilting his hips back—Optimus was already halfway to his feet, interface array pinging him for attention, but Megatron straightened up again.

That was *not* a subtle offer for interface, then.

Then Megatron was lifting his arms up to the ceiling, holding his hands together above his helm and stretching out struts and cables. Optimus could hear the small noises of machinery adjusting itself in Megatron’s back, all the light recalibration of internal servos. Megatron’s helm was tilting back luxuriously.

A bolt of lust shot through Optimus.

He was showing off how surprisingly limber he was even with all that armor, how elegantly his

body fit together. And Megatron's plating was shifting as it was put under tension, and Optimus could just see flashes of inner cables and wires and secret, sensitive internals where the plates of Megatron's back spread apart.

Then, with a little hitch of breath, Megatron made a *sound*. Too soft to be a grunt, and too innocent to be a moan, it was a relieved sound, a satisfied, pleased sound. Optimus assumed that Megatron had stretched out a twisted cable. As Megatron put his arms back down, he let out a deep, indulgent sigh, and Optimus simply couldn't hold himself back anymore.

Unfortunately, pressing himself up against Megatron's back and stroking his hands down Megatron's abdomen suggestively did not get him a positive response.

"You needy glitch, I have to finish these reports!" Megatron pushed Optimus away, shooing him with a threateningly wielded datapad.

"Those aren't urgent, you can finish tomorrow—" Optimus countered.

"Not if someone keeps barging into my office—"

"We did have a meeting—"

"Which I had to postpone!"

Optimus considered. "You could always spike me tonight, if your valve is still—"

"It's not—it isn't that simple. Ugh. I should tie you to the berth and ride your spike until you beg me to stop, then we'll see how you like it."

Optimus's engine revved, embarrassingly loud. Megatron narrowed his optics and huffed a bit in surprise.

Growling, he said slowly, "Or maybe not." Megatron looked Optimus up and down, considering. "It sounds like you'd *enjoy* that too much. Instead, I'm going to tie you to the berth and *use* you, just as I see fit, and only *when* I see fit."

Optimus's vocalizer glitched, and he produced several blips of static before finally getting out, "Please. Please... do that."

Megatron grinned menacingly, and Optimus's cooling fans clicked on. What had he gotten himself into...

Later Still, in Megatron's Quarters

Megatron reached for the next datapad in the tall stack on his desk, only to hear a helpless whine from the berth behind him. Megatron rolled his optics a bit, and smiled privately to himself, pleased. He made a note to find a gag to use next time. He debated turning his chair around to look. It had only been ten minutes, but it had been a very silent ten minutes...

Megatron turned, datapad still in hand, and took a long look at his captive.

Optimus Prime was stretched out, spread-eagle, on Megatron's berth. He was bound at the wrists and ankles. The restraints were strong, but Megatron expected Optimus would be able to escape if he really put his mind to it. Looking at his former enemy, willingly made helpless to his will, Megatron

felt a flush of heat steal through him.

Megatron had wanted to enjoy a view like this for a very, very long time.

Megatron had suggested this game out of desperation more than anything else, and he hadn't expected to like it much more than he enjoyed any of their encounters.

Interfacing with Optimus Prime was already intoxicatingly good, after all.

Now, it had only been half an hour of having Optimus desperate but obedient in his berth, but Megatron already felt like he was experiencing a revelation. *And* he'd gotten work done in the meantime. It was slightly galling to realize that the anticipation of following through on his promises to the Prime was motivating him to work faster.

Not that Megatron wasn't still wildly annoyed with Optimus.

He was! And he was trying very hard to remember that. After all, Megatron hadn't been this far behind on his work in a millennium.

The Prime was simply insatiable.

At first, it had been flattering. Actually, it was still flattering. Even when everything between them had been war and violence, having Optimus Prime's full attention had been addictive to him. And Megatron had always prided himself on his stamina... He hadn't wanted Optimus to think he couldn't keep up with him. But then things had gotten, frankly, ridiculous. Megatron suspected the Matrix had something to do with whatever gave Optimus his insane refractory period, but he wasn't confident that he wanted to know for sure, so he hadn't asked.

It wasn't even entirely Optimus's fault, either.

Once Optimus got his hands on Megatron's plating, or even once Optimus got the chance to whisper some new, inevitably filthy suggestion in Megatron's audial, Megatron's resistance crumpled. Just that afternoon, Megatron had hastily rescheduled a staff meeting in favor of letting Optimus bury his face in Megatron's valve for a solid hour.

Megatron was starting to crave it, too.

The first time Optimus had done that, Megatron had expected it to be a sort of warm-up to the main event. But Optimus simply hadn't stopped. It was all gentle stroking, licks and sucks and pampering attention, all foolish and soft—until it wasn't foolish *at all*, and Megatron's overload was washing over him in intense shudders. And then Megatron really had expected Optimus to stop and hurry up and spike him, but he *hadn't*, he'd kept going until Megatron's *fifth overload*. By that point Megatron hadn't even known what he'd been saying—probably something humiliating—but he had barely been able to move, he'd been so spent. Optimus had finally spiked him then, again with humiliating gentleness, and it had been horrifyingly good. Megatron was fairly sure that Optimus had overloaded before that as well, at some point in the haze of pleasure, since Optimus was never, ever satisfied with a single overload.

It was the kind of thing a mech could get addicted to.

And it wasn't just about the things Optimus could do with his mouth. The Prime's skills in berth were advanced in all areas. The week before, Optimus had lured Megatron onto the deserted bridge of the *Nemesis*—currently in dry dock for a refit in orbit above Cybertron—and pushed him into the admittedly throne-like captain's chair and then bounced on top of Megatron's spike until they'd both had to clean up for a meeting.

Obviously, Megatron could hardly refuse a proposition like that. It was just too good. As a result, Megatron had almost no time or attention for work—and there was more than enough work to be done. Cybertron was a mess! He'd had to resort to turning off his comm and finding little-used places in the base to hide from the Prime so he could finally get something done.

Also, this couldn't be within the recommended use parameters for their equipment. Not that Megatron had brought himself to actually asking a medic yet.

This, what Megatron was doing now, seemed like the perfect solution to their problem.

They'd tried something like this before, already. Megatron had gotten fed up with being the one who ended up strutless and blabbering by the end of their encounters, and he'd decided to turn the tables on the Prime.

It had been more difficult than he'd expected.

Merciless teasing had finally done the trick. But afterwards, once Optimus had been able to form complete sentences again, he'd smiled like an idiot and whispered softly in Megatron's audial that it had been the most satisfying frag he'd ever had.

Peace hadn't actually changed Megatron's personality, so naturally, he'd taken that as a challenge. Obviously, Megatron was going to continue to be the most satisfying partner of Optimus's long, long life. And maybe, if he could continue sexually devastating the Prime until he was so worn out he could barely speak, Megatron would actually be able to get things done again.

So here they were.

Megatron had gotten a phenomenal amount of work done already. Now, he tapped his datapad idly on his knee guard and looked at his handiwork on the berth.

The expression on the Prime's face was delicious.

The battlemask was down, at Megatron's insistence, and all of Optimus's sublimely conflicted emotions were on full display. His denta were digging into his bottom lip, and he was almost, not quite glaring. The expression kept shuddering, and his optics were floating between a strained, bright glow and erotic dimness.

Each of his lover's limbs was held tight, stretched enough that Megatron could see the rhythmic clench-release of the cables revealed in the space between his plating as Optimus tested the strength of his bonds.

As delightful as Optimus's needy face was to Megatron, the hard, twitching spike jutting out from the Prime's pelvis was much more interesting.

It was such a lovely spike: red on the top and blue on the bottom, with a stripe of silver straight up and down, and covered in wonderful bumps and ridges. As Megatron shifted his gaze down Optimus's body to his array, the spike throbbed visibly, and a small amount of transfluid began dripping slowly down the length of it. That was a treat Megatron was going to save for when his work was done.

Half an hour before, Megatron had secured an already squirming Optimus to his berth and told him to open his panels. Then, Megatron had gone right back to work, after a casual, "Keep your spike pressurized, I plan on using it," thrown the Prime's way.

Optimus had started begging surprisingly fast. He'd obviously been attempting nonchalance once he

realized Megatron was actually going back to his desk, but the longer Megatron spent simply ignoring his presence... Cajoling, begging, pleading... It was all very pleasant to listen to. Unfortunately, it was a bit too distracting for Megatron's purposes, so ten minutes ago he'd commanded silence, with the promise of a reward, if Optimus was very, very good.

Megatron thought his favorite thing, beyond all the control, and the physical attractions of the Prime's chassis strapped down for him to admire, was how very enthusiastic Optimus was. Megatron could deny him and deny him and it didn't dampen the Prime's enthusiasm one iota. It certainly didn't dampen his very visible arousal. That had to be getting uncomfortable by this point.

Well, Optimus had been somewhat good... Maybe a little reward.

Megatron moved the datapad to his left hand and approached the berth. Optimus actually shook a bit watching him, and his spike shivered in the air.

Taking a seat next to Optimus's waist, facing the Prime, Megatron indifferently reached out a hand and flicked the hard spike with one finger. It bobbed in a small circle.

"Is this where you want my attention, Optimus?" Megatron asked.

A groan and a series of frantic, slightly relieved expressions was his answer.

Megatron lifted the datapad in his left hand up to eye level and returned to reading it. Then, after Optimus let out another whine a few seconds later, Megatron reached out with his right hand, getting a solid grip on the hot spike, and began to pull. Each tug on the spike was firm, and strong, and quick. The Prime's prefluid made the plating under his hand just slightly slick.

After the first two strokes, Megatron said, "You may speak."

Optimus immediately gasped out, "Please!" and Megatron could see in his peripheral vision how the Prime's optics had widened and how he was darting quick looks between Megatron's face and the hand on his spike. Megatron was trying not to let his approval show on his face, but he couldn't seem to get rid of the very small smile.

Four strokes and several choked pleas later and Optimus was spilling transfluid all over Megatron's hand. Megatron continued stroking him mercilessly until there didn't seem to be any left.

Wiping some of the mess off on one of Optimus's legs, Megatron returned his attention to the Prime's face. He looked sated, but still somehow desperate.

Perfect.

"Megatron—"

"No, no, Prime. That's enough talking. I am going to go back to work. *You* are going to stay quiet, and you are going to pressurize this—" Megatron tapped at the spike, "—again for me, so that when I'm done working, I can give you a reward. Understand?"

Optimus shivered and quietly said, "Yes."

Satisfied, Megatron went back to his desk.

Within ten minutes, Megatron himself was beginning to feel impatient. Another twenty minutes, and it was a struggle to keep his panels closed. He could see that hard spike glistening in his peripheral vision, and he had to resist turning for a better look when Optimus writhed or circled his hips.

Optimus had been very good, only the occasional groan, and the sound of his cooling fans spiraling up again. And Megatron only had a little more to do, so maybe he could play a little game in the meantime. He picked up a stylus and began making some notes on this particular report.

A minute later, Megatron looked up, over at the berth. And there it was, a nice hard spike. Very good. Megatron didn't speak, only raised an optic ridge and casually put the end of the stylus into his mouth. Still looking at Optimus's spike, Megatron let the blunt end of the stylus drag against his bottom lip, pressing into the soft metal.

When the Prime responded with a sweet whine and a few bucks of his hips against the air, Megatron had to resist the urge to grin.

When Megatron looked back at his desk, he heard a frantic moan and the creaking of the cuffs as Optimus tried to move. Yes, now was as good a time as any. Megatron online'd his datapad again, and made a few last notes on that particular report. Without moving, and as slowly and as quietly as possible, Megatron let his valve panel transform open.

Then he set the stylus back on the desk and tapped it so it rolled slowly off the desk and onto the floor.

He would need to pick that up.

Megatron stood, legs pressed together, then stepped back, positioning himself so that Optimus would have a perfect view of his aft, and slowly, slowly leaned over and took his time picking up the stylus. Megatron could feel his valve lubricant dripping over his anterior node and the front of his array.

Optimus let out a strangled gasp.

Megatron smirked, and shifted one foot to the right, opening his legs and displaying his valve just so —

Optimus cried out, "Oh Primus, Megatron *please*—"

There was the reaction he wanted.

Megatron whirled upright, pointing the stylus at Optimus in accusation. "What did I say?"

Optimus moaned and growled and writhed on the berth, but managed to say, "To be quiet."

Megatron grinned. "So hush then, Prime. And let me use you."

Optimus shuddered.

Megatron certainly couldn't wait anymore. But he still made an effort to do everything as slowly as possible.

Megatron walked to the end of the berth and reached out with the stylus, using it to drag a line up the length of the Prime's thick spike. Optimus bucked and shivered and writhed in response, and whined when Megatron began to climb onto the berth between Optimus's legs.

Megatron got so close to the hard spike he was ex-venting warm air over it, just looking at the Prime's delectable, open-mouthed expression. With a knowing smirk, Megatron leaned down and began slowly kissing his way up from base to tip.

Just when he began giving long licks to the head, Optimus shook and groaned deeply, gasping out

Megatron's name, and overloaded all over Megatron's face.

Megatron couldn't say that he *minded* having transfluid on his face, exactly. As he sat up and wiped some off his cheek and began licking it off his fingers, there was a blip of static from his lover, and the spike in front of him twitched again, hard, releasing another burst of transfluid to land on the decorative calligraphy on Megatron's chest.

Megatron frowned down at Optimus, teasing the wet spike a little with his fingers. "Well, Prime. I can see that you didn't feel like waiting to overload in my valve."

Optimus moaned and shook his head, and tried to speak around static, "Please, I—"

"No," Megatron said, "Hush." Optimus's hips lifted at the word—interesting. "I'll tell you when you can speak."

Megatron continued stroking the softening spike with what he expected was maddening gentleness.

"I'll forgive you for making me wait," Megatron purred softly, "*If* you manage to please me when I ride your face instead."

Optimus's spike pressurized again so fast it almost hit Megatron's hand. Megatron couldn't help but laugh at that.

Moving from between Optimus's legs to sit next to him, Megatron leaned over the Prime's face to give him a slow, lingering kiss. Optimus tried to lift his neck to follow after when Megatron drew away. In a low tone, Megatron prompted, "Are you going to please me when I use your mouth?"

"Yes, yes I—Please, yes, I will—" And Megatron gave him one more kiss to stop him talking.

Megatron climbed up to straddle Optimus's helm, making sure to pick up the stylus in one hand on his way. He had a lovely view of the hard, dripping spike to enjoy from here, and he considered surprising Optimus with a few taps and strokes on his spike with the stylus. Megatron liked the idea of feeling Optimus's helpless moans right against his valve.

He'd get around to riding that spike eventually. For now, Megatron only admired it, and settled his hips down over his lover's face to grind his anterior node against the plush softness of Optimus's lips and tongue.

This was really the right way to handle the Prime, Megatron decided: entirely at his leisure.

Even Later, in Megatron's Berth

Megatron got two overloads of his own that way under Optimus's dedicated, desperate ministrations. All the while teasing that spike just occasionally, just enough to keep Optimus shaking and trying to grind against the air.

When Megatron finally deigned to ride his spike, he started out with almost nonchalant laziness. Lightly squeezing the spike he could feel throbbing in his valve, enjoying the twitching aftershocks of his own overload, rocking back and forth very lightly.

When Optimus's panting under this gentle treatment started to get louder and more rhythmic, Megatron said, "You can speak now. And Optimus?" Megatron waited to get his full attention. "You *will* tell me before you overload, and I will decide if I'm going to give you one."

Optimus moaned breathlessly, and immediately began a litany of begging and pleading, mixed up with worshipful admiration for Megatron.

The first time, when Optimus begged for overload and Megatron immediately lifted himself up on his knees, letting the thick spike slide out of his valve, Optimus took the denial easily, almost with reverent enjoyment.

The second time, his begging was more earnest and more incoherent.

By the third time, Optimus was desperately trying to get leverage from his securely tied legs to thrust up into the valve that was so, so close.

It was five times, six times, *seven times*, until Optimus was reduced to single words and questioning moans and pleas. The eighth time, as Optimus got close to overload, he almost didn't notice that Megatron simply didn't stop, he just kept bouncing and rocking on that thick spike.

Megatron had to tell him, "Yes, Optimus, now, go on, overload for me. Overload, Optimus."

So he did. Immediately, Optimus's optics got bright and wide and open, and he went still and surprised all over, then shuddered and shook and tried bucking his hips as best he could. As Megatron felt liquid heat flood into his valve, Optimus choked on a long, drawn-out scream.

Megatron hadn't stopped moving, and he'd intended to wait to overload himself until he'd had a chance to tease Optimus through post-overload sensitivity into full pressurization again, but that would have to wait for another time. As he watched Optimus shake and cry out so obediently under him, so eagerly, so wantonly, Megatron's overload swept over him with unexpected strength.

After, Megatron could barely bring himself to move as Optimus's spike softened inside his valve. Optimus was moaning still, now with quiet contentment and light aftershocks of his overload that Megatron could feel as twitches against his sensitive valve mesh.

But he needed to move. Megatron lifted himself off and carefully removed each of the bonds on the Prime's wrists and ankles. Optimus didn't even draw his limbs in close after. Megatron had to help him.

Optimus was murmuring by then, smiling, spilling out gratitude and endless praise, and something about some very foolish emotions that shouldn't have made Megatron's spark spin like that. Megatron stroked softly over the Prime's plating and kissed him to shut him up.

They went into recharge like that, still wrapped up in each other, Megatron's hands holding Optimus's face close to his as they kissed.

End Notes

Thank you so much [RHplus](#) for doing some quick copy edits on this.

All feedback cherished. [Find me on tumblr!](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!

